

(7.)  
SONGS, DUETS, &c.

IN THE

POOR SOLDIER,

A

COMIC OPERA.

AS PERFORMED AT THE

THEATRE-ROYAL

IN

COVENT-GARDEN.

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Written by Mr. O'KEEFFE.

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NINTH EDITION.

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L O N D O N :

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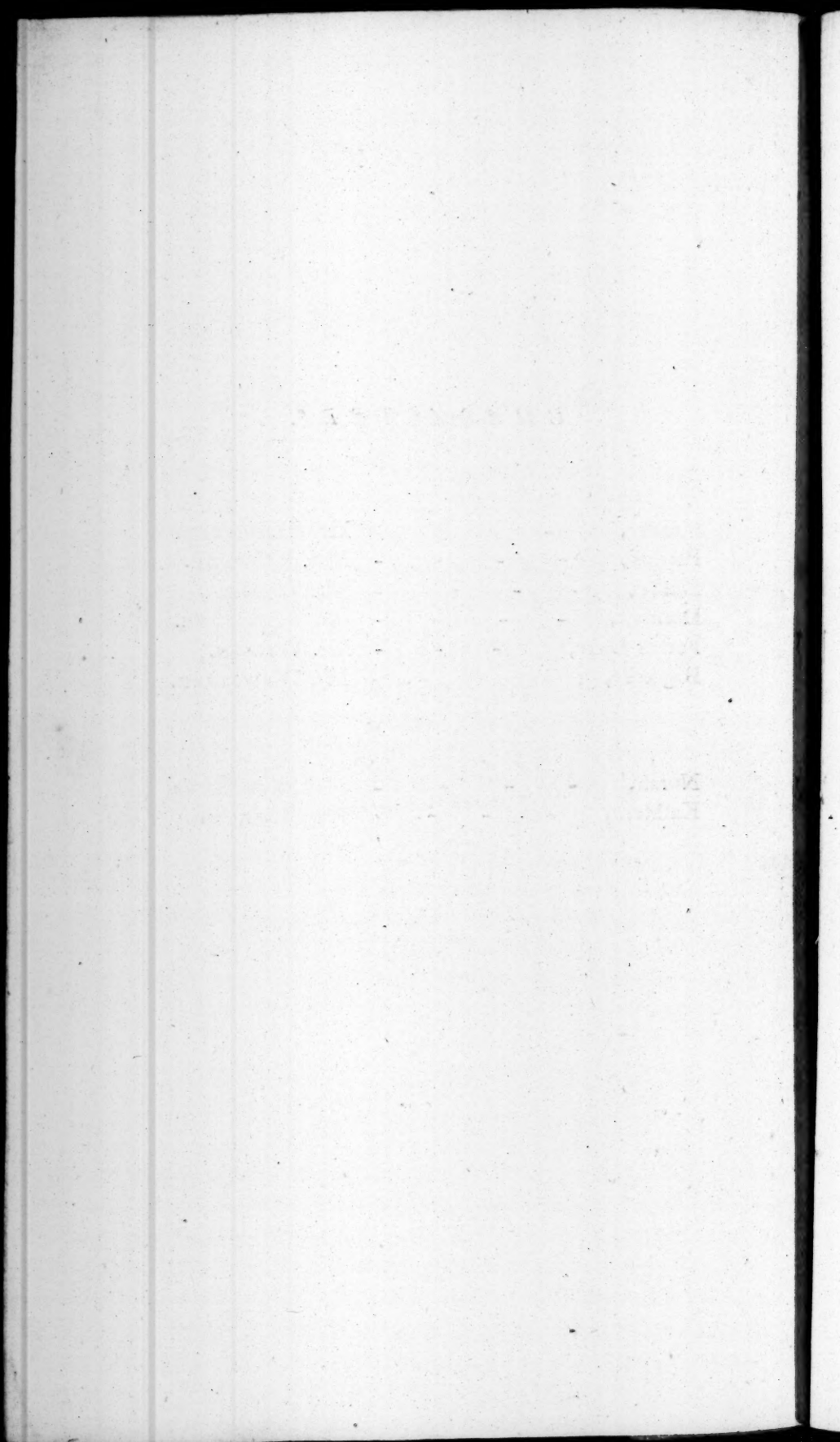
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## CHARACTERS.

Fitzroy,	-	-	-	Mr. BANNISTER.
Patrick,	-	-	-	Mrs. KENNEDY.
Darby,	-	-	-	Mr. EDWIN.
Dermott,	-	-	-	Mr. JOHNSTONE.
Father Luke,	-	-	-	Mr. WILSON.
Bagatelle,	-	-	-	Mr. WEWITZER.

Norah,	-	-	-	Mrs. BANNISTER.
Kathleen,	-	-	-	Mrs. MARTYR.



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T H E  
**P O O R S O L D I E R .**

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A C T I.

A I R I.—*Dermott.*

**S**LEEP on, sleep on, my Kathleen dear,  
May peace possess thy breast!  
Yet dost thou dream thy true love's here,  
Depriv'd of peace and rest.

II.

The birds sing sweet, the morning breaks,  
Those joys are none to me:  
Tho' sleep is fled, poor Dermott wakes  
To none but love and thee.

A I R

A I R. II.—*Darby.*

DEAR Kathleen, you, no doubt,  
 Find sleep how very sweet 'tis;  
 Dogs bark, and cocks have crowed out,  
 You never dream how late 'tis.  
 This morning gay,  
 I post away,  
 To have with you a bit of play.  
 On two legs rid  
 Along, to bid  
 Good-morrow to your night-cap.

## II.

Last night a little bowfy  
 With whiskey, ale, and cyder,  
 I ask'd young Betty Blowzy  
 To let me sit beside her.  
 Her anger rose,  
 And four as floes,  
 The little gypsie cock'd her nose;  
 Yet here I've rid  
 Along, to bid  
 Good-morrow to your night-cap.



A I R III.—*Kathleen.*

WHENEVER the dull lover you hate or despise,  
     With his pitiful story,  
     Stands whining before ye,  
 To laugh at his sobs, and his groans and his sighs,  
     Is the way a young damsel should use him.  
 A fig for his cattle, his houses and land,  
     If a heart must be sold  
     For his acres or gold,  
 Mine never shall be at a booby's command,  
     Tho' a lord or a duke, I'd refuse him,  
     But let the dear lover  
     His passion discover,  
     His smiles are the riches  
     A maiden bewitches;  
     A treasure his kisses,  
     To hoard up such blisses,  
 Without e'er a guinea I'd chuse him.

## II.

The symptoms of love, if a lover would know,  
     In a down-looking eye  
     True affection he'll spy,  
 When roses are spread on a bosom of snow,  
     As it heaves with a quick palpitation;  
 But let him have sense, tho' he sees we are caught,  
     Not to boast of our chains,  
     Nor the triumph he gains,  
 And ne'er to her prejudice harbour a thought,  
     Who regards him with tender sensation.  
 (B)              Still let the dear lover, &c.

DUETT.—*Kathleen and Darby.*

A I R IV.

*Kath.* OUT of my sight, or I'll box your ears.

*Darb.* I'll fit you soon for your jibes and jeers.

*Kath.* I'll cock my cap at a smart young man.

*Darb.* Another I'll wed this day if I can.

*Kath.* In courtship funny.

*Darb.* Once sweet as honey.

*Kath.* You drone!

*Darb.* No, Kate, I'm your humble bee.

*Kath.* Go, dance your dogs with your fiddle-  
de-dee,

For a sprightly lad is the man for me.

*Both.* Go dance your dogs, &c.

*Darb.* You'll ne'er meet such a kind soul as me.

II.

*Kath.* Like sweet milk turn'd, now to me  
seems love.

*Darb.* The fragrant rose does a nettle prove.

*Cath.* Sour curds I taste, tho' sweet cream I  
chose.

*Darb.* And with a flower I sting my nose.

In courtship, &c.

A I R



A I R V.—*Fitzroy.*

THE twins of Latona, so kind to my boon,  
 Arise to partake of the chace;  
 And Sol lends a ray to chaste Dian's fair moon,  
 And a smile to the smiles of her face.  
 For the sport I delight in, the bright Queen of  
 Love

With myrtles my brows shall adorn,  
 While Pan breaks his chaunter, and skulks in  
 the grove,

Excell'd by the sound of the horn.  
 The dogs are uncoupled, and sweet is their cry,  
 Yet sweeter the notes of sweet Echo's reply:  
 Hark forward, my homies, the game is in view,  
 But love is the game that I wish to pursue.

## II.

The stag from his chamber of woodbine peeps  
 out,

His sentence he hears in the gale;  
 Yet flies, 'till entangled in fear and in doubt,  
 His courage and constancy fail.  
 Surrounded by foes, he prepares for the fray,  
 Despair taking place of his fear,  
 With antlers erected, a while stands at bay,  
 Then surrenders his life with a tear.

The dogs are, &c.

A I R VI.—*Patrick.*

HOW happy the Soldier who lives on his pay,  
And spends half-a-crown out of sixpence a-day !  
Yet fears neither justices, warrants or bums,  
But pays all his debts with the roll of his drums.  
With a row-de-dow, &c.

II.

He cares not a marvedy how the world goes,  
His King finds him quarters, and money, and  
clothes :  
He laughs at all forrow, whenever it comes,  
And rattles away with the roll of his drums.  
With a row-de-dow, &c.

III.

The drum is his glory, his joy and delight,  
It leads him to pleasure, as well as to fight.  
No girl when she hears it, tho' ever so glum,  
But packs up her tatters, and follows the drum,  
With a row-de-dow, &c.

[*This Song not written by Mr. O'Keeffe.*]

A I R VII.—*Patrick.*

T H E wealthy fool with gold in store,  
 Will still desire to grow richer :  
 Give me but health, I ask no more,  
 My little girl, my friend and pitcher.  
     My friend so rare,  
     My girl so fair,  
 With such, what mortal can be richer ?  
 Give me but these, a fig for care,  
 With my sweet girl, my friend and pitcher.

## II.

Tho' fortune ever shuns my door,  
 I know not what can thus bewitch her;  
 With all my heart can I be poor  
 With my sweet girl, my friend and pitcher.  
     My friend so rare, &c.

A I R

A I R VIII.—*Patrick and Norah.*

*Pat.*     A rose-tree full in bearing,  
              Had sweet flowers fair to see ;  
 One rose beyond comparing,  
              For beauty, attracted me.  
 Tho' eager then to win it,  
              Lovely, blooming, fresh and gay,  
 I find a canker in it,  
              And now throw it far away.

*Norah.*   How fine this morning early,  
              All sun-shiny, clear and bright !  
 So late I lov'd you dearly,  
              Tho' lost now each fond delight.  
 The clouds seem big with showers,  
              Sunny beams no more are seen ;  
 Farewel, ye fleeting hours,  
              Your falshood has chang'd the scene.  
*Duet.*     How fine. &c.

END OF THE FIRST ACT.

A C T II.

A I R I. — *Norab.*



**F**arewell ye groves and crystal fountains,  
The gladsome plains and silent dell;  
Ye humble vales and lofty mountains,  
And welcome now a lonely cell.  
And oh farewell, fond youth most dear!  
Thy tender plaint, the vow sincere,  
We'll meet and share the parting tear,  
And take a long and last farewell.

A I R



AIR II.—*Pat.*

THO' Leixlip is proud of its close shady bowers,  
 Its clear falling waters and murmuring cas-  
 cades,  
 Its groves of fine myrtle, its beds of sweet flowers,  
 Its lads so well dress'd, and its neat pretty  
 maids;  
 As each his own village must still make the  
 most of,  
 In praise of dear Carton I hope I'm not wrong;  
 Dear Carton! containing what kingdoms may  
 boast of;  
 'Tis Norah, dear Norah! the theme of my  
 song.

## II.

Be gentlemen fine, with their spurs and nice  
boots on,

Their horses to start on the Curragh of Kil-  
dare ;

Or dance at a ball, with their Sunday new suits  
on,

Lac'd waistcoats, white gloves, and their nice  
powder'd hair :

Poor Pat, while so blest in his mean, humble  
station,

For gold or for acres he never shall long ;

One sweet smile can give him the wealth of a  
nation,

From Norah, dear Norah, the theme of my  
song.

C

AIR

A I R III.—*Fitzroy.*

THE Spring with smiling face is seen,  
 To usher in the May;  
 And Nature clad in mantle green,  
 All sprigg'd with flowrets gay :  
 The feather'd songsters of the grove  
 Then join in harmony and love.

## II.

The lark that soaring cleaves the skies,  
 Low builds her humble nest ;  
 The rambling boy that finds the prize,  
 Is sure supremely blest !  
 For when the tuneful bird is flown,  
 He hastes, and marks it for his own.

A I R

\* A I R IV.—*Dermott.*

Dear fir, this brown jug that now foams with  
mild ale,

Out of which I now drink to sweet Kate of the  
vale,

Was once Toby Filpot, a thirsty old foul,  
As e'r crack'd a bottle, or fathom'd a bowl;  
In boozing about, 'twas his praise to excell,  
And amongst jolly toppers he bore off the bell.

II.

His body, when long in the ground it had lain,  
And Time into clay had resolv'd it again,  
A potter found out in its covert so snug,  
And with part of old Toby he form'd this  
brown jug.

Now sacred to friendship, to mirth, and mild ale,  
So here's to my lovely sweet Kate of the vale.

\* *This Song not written by Mr. O'Keeffe.*

AIR V.—*Father Luke.*

YOU know I'm your Priest, and your conscience is mine;

But if you grow wicked, it's not a good sign :  
So leave off your raking, and marry a wife,  
And then my dear Darby you're settled for life.  
Sing Ballynamono, Oro,  
A good merry wedding for me.

II.

The banns being publish'd, to chapel we go,  
The bride and the bridegroom in coats white as  
snow;  
So modest her air, and so sheepish your look,  
You out with your ring, and I pull out my book.  
Sing, &c.

III.

I thumb out the place, and I then read away,  
She blushes at love, and she whispers obey.  
You take her dear hand to have and to hold,  
I shut up my book, and I pocket your gold.  
Sing, &c.  
That snug little guinea for me.

A I R



A I R VI.

*Father Luke, Dermott, Darby and Kathleen.*

*Kath. to Derm.)* You the point may carry,  
If a while you tarry.

*To Darby.* But for you,  
I tell you true,  
No, no, you I'll never marry.

*Chorus.* You the point, &c.

II.

*Derm.* Care our souls disowning,  
Punch our sorrows drowning,  
Laugh and love,  
And ever prove  
Joys our wishes crowning.

*Chorus.* Care our souls, &c. !

*Dar.*

III.

*Dev.* To the church I'll hand her.  
*(Offers to take her.)*  
Then thro' the world I'll wander;  
*(She refuses.)*  
I'll sob and sigh,  
Until I die,  
A poor forsaken gander.

*Chorus.* To the church, &c.

IV.

*F. Lu.* Each pious priest since Moses,  
One mighty truth discloses,  
You're never vexed,  
If this the text,  
Go fuddle all your noses.

*Chorus.* Each pious, &c.

AIR

A I R VII.—*Darby.*

SINCE Kathleen has prov'd so untrue,  
 Poor Darby! ah, what can you do?  
 No longer I'll stay here a clown,  
 But sell off, and gallop to town:  
 I'll dress, and I'll strut with an air,  
 The barber shall frizzle my hair.

## II.

In town I shall cut a great dash;  
 But how for to compass the cash!  
 At gaming, perhaps I may win;  
 With cards I can take the flats in;  
 Or trundle false dice, and they're nick'd;  
 If found out, I shall only be kick'd.

But

## III.

But first to get a great name,  
 A duel establish my fame;  
 To my man then a challenge I'll write;  
 But first, I'll be sure he won't fight.  
 We'll swear not to part 'till we fall,  
 Then shoot without powder, and the devil a  
 ball.

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## F I N A L E.

*Fitz.* What true felicity I shall find  
 When those are join'd,  
 By fortune kind,  
 How pleasing to me,  
 So happy to see  
 Such merit and virtue united!

*Norah.*

*Norab.* No future sorrows can grieve us,  
If you will please to forgive us.  
To each kind friend  
Thus lowly we bend,  
Your pardon, that gain'd, we're delighted.

*Cho.* No future, &c.

*Pat.* With my commission, yet dearest life,  
My charming wife,  
When drum and fife  
Shall beat up to arms,  
The plunder your charms,  
In love your poor Soldier you'll find me.

*Katb.* This love, my wishes has granted;  
I get the dear lad that I wanted.  
Lefs pleas'd with a Duke,  
When good Father Luke  
To my own little Dermott has join'd me.

*Cho.* This love, &c.

*Dar.* You impudent huffey, (*Dermott frowns*)  
At a pretty rate  
Of love you prate.  
But hark ye, Kate,  
Your dear little lad  
Will find that his pad  
Has got a nice—kick in her gallop.



*F. Lu.* Now, Darby, upon my salvation,  
You merit excommunication. .

    In love but agree,  
    And shortly you'll see,  
In marriage I'll soon tie you all up.

*Cho.* Now, Darby, &c.

*Darm.* The devil a bit o'me cares a bean,  
    For neat and clean  
    We'll both be seen,  
    Myself and my lass,  
    Next Sunday at Mafs;  
And there we'll be coupled for ever.

*Pat.* The laurel I've won in the field, Sir,  
Yet now in a garden I yield, Sir;  
    Nor think it a shame,  
    Your mercy to claim:  
Your mercy's my sword and my shield, sir.

CHORUS of MEN.

    The laurel and bays  
    Revive by your praise:  
Our Poet solicits your pardon.

CHORUS of WOMEN.

Then be not severe,  
With smiles you can cheer,  
The posies of your Covent-Garden.

GENERAL CHORUS.

The laurel, &c.

THE END.

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